

# The Adams Sentinel.

A Family Journal--Devoted to Foreign and Domestic News, Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Education, Morality, Science and Art, Amusement, Advertising, &c. &c.

At \$2.00 per annum, in advance--  
Or \$2.50, if not paid within the year.

ROBERT C. HARRIS, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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25 cents per square for each continuance.

"RESIST WITH CARE THE SPIRIT OF INNOVATION UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF YOUR GOVERNMENT, HOWEVER SPECIOUS THE PRETEXT."--Washington.

VOL. I.

GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, AUGUST 26, 1850.

NO. 41.

## ELECTION.

NOTICE is hereby given that an Election will be held to elect **THIRTEEN ALDERMEN** for the "Cumberland Valley Mutual Protection Company," of the town of Gettysburg, on the **First Monday of September next**, at the house of **VICTOR STANLEY**, in said township, to serve one year--Election to be held between the hours of 9, A. M. and 4 o'clock, P. M. of said day.

Aug. 12. To  
P. ORTOLANO--a fresh supply--for sale by  
KELLER KURTZ  
ROCERIES--Coffee, sugar, Syrup, Molasses, Cheese, Fish, &c., also an assortment of SPICES, &c., at JNO. FAHNESTOCK'S.  
June 10.

For the Ladies.  
FLORENCE and FANCY BRAID BOXES, just received, and for sale cheap, at  
ADM. ARNOLD'S.  
CITRONS--an excellent article for Jars, and other purposes, just received and for sale by  
W. W. HARRIS, &c.  
March 11.

GROCERIES.  
JUST arrived, a lot of Groceries, first quality. Call and get them at KURTZ'S Cheap Corner.  
April 1.  
FRESH ORANGES and LEMONS--a large supply, and superior quality, just opened at  
HARRIS & CO.  
March 11.

GENERAL assortment of articles for Gentlemen's Wearing Apparel, such as CLOTHES, CASSIMERE, CASSIMERE, DRILLING, SATIN and other VESTINGS, for the approaching season, at the  
JEW'S CORNER.  
April 22.

VARIETY of SADDLERY, HARNESS and CARRIAGE MOUNTING, for sale at  
JOHN FAHNESTOCK'S.  
June 10.

A Dollar Saved is a Dollar Made.  
It is singular, and yet true, how the JEW ARNOLD can sell his GOODS at all kinds of much CHEAPER than his neighbors; and yet, when the truth is known, that he purchases entirely for CASH, the question is soon solved--Call and test the truth of the universal saying, and save your money! Quick sales and small profits is the motto at the cheap JEW'S CORNER of  
ADM. ARNOLD.  
April 22.

US received, and for sale, a full assortment of GRASS and GRAIN SCYTHES, also SATHENS, RAKES, FORKS, &c.  
JOHN FAHNESTOCK.  
June 10.

EDGAR WARE, such as Tubs, Buckets, &c., also Baskets, Toys, Rugs, Mats, &c., for sale at  
HARRIS & CO.  
March 11.

US received, a few more of those cheap Cloth Sack COATS. Also, some fine Cassimere PANTS, of every variety, at  
SAMSON'S.  
March 11.

KELLER KURTZ has just received a fresh supply of Woodward & Brother's Nonpareil Honey Dew Canebrake TOBACCO, to which he invites the attention of those interested; also, on hand and in store, a large variety of superior SEGARS.  
March 11.

Family Groceries.  
GENERAL assortment always on hand and for sale by  
ADM. ARNOLD.  
April 22.

CARBONATE OF SODA, (a new article for Baking), can be had at JOHN FAHNESTOCK'S Store.  
June 10.

SUMMER CLOTHING.  
Extraordinary Supply--Persons needing Summer Clothing, can be supplied at unusual low prices at  
SAMSON'S.  
June 10.

GENERAL assortment of PLANES and PLANE IRONS, can be found at  
JOHN FAHNESTOCK'S.  
June 10.

HAM and Bacon.  
PRIME article of BACON, HAMS, SHOULDERS, &c., just received and for sale at  
HARRIS & CO.  
March 11.

COTTON CLOCKS, PISTOLS, and a large variety of JEWELRY, on hand and for sale cheap at  
SAMSON'S.  
June 10.

MOUSEHOLE, DUDLEY & FOSTER ANVILS, also CUTLERY, KEY VICES, for sale very cheap.  
JOHN FAHNESTOCK.  
June 10.

TABLE CUTLERY.  
FULL and excellent assortment of Common and superior TABLE CUTLERY, SPoons, &c., for sale at  
HARRIS & CO.  
March 11.

CRACKERS, of various kinds, such as Biscuits, Navy, Water, Butter, Sugar, Soda and Dispensary Crackers, for sale at HARRIS & CO.  
March 11.

WHITE WHEAT FLOUR--also a good article of Family Flour, white and yellow Corn Meal, Buckwheat Meal, Feed, &c., and full assortment--for sale by W. W. HARRIS, &c.  
March 11.

Fans! Fans!  
A large variety of FANS just received and for sale at  
KURTZ'S Cheap Corner.  
May 10.

STONE and EARTHEN WARE, of all kinds, for sale by  
HARRIS & CO.  
March 11.

GENTLEMEN who may need a superior SUNDAY, or even a WEDDING SUIT, can be accommodated to their advantage, by calling at  
SAMSON'S.  
June 10.

10,000 pounds of NAILS just received and for sale at  
JOHN FAHNESTOCK'S.  
June 10.

Clothing Emporium.  
GENERAL assortment of READY-MADE CLOTHING, for Gentlemen and Boys, a complete suit, Coat, Pants and Vest, from \$1.50 to \$5.00, at the always cheap JEW'S CORNER.  
April 22.

LARGE and full assortment of NAILS, LOCKS, LATCHES, RINGS, GLASS, &c. Persons building can be supplied at the lowest prices at  
JOHN FAHNESTOCK'S.  
June 10.

Shoes! Shoes! Shoes!  
JUST received, a large lot of LADIES' MOCCASINS, also GENTLEMEN'S COARSE and FINE Boots, Gaiters, Pumps, &c., at  
KURTZ'S Cheap Corner.  
April 1.

LAWNS, a new article, not to be surpassed in pattern, quality, or low cheapness, for sale at the Cheap Store of  
ADM. ARNOLD.  
April 22.

PORTER MONNAIS--new styles for Ladies and Gentlemen. Call and see. For sale by  
KELLER KURTZ.  
June 10.

## Choir Poetry.

### THE PAST.

BY MRS. CAROLINE E. NOTION.

When the young bird goes from her early home,  
Through the swift-winged moments in happiness  
fly--

Though the bridge-room is near with a gentle tone  
And a faithful love in his deep dark eye--  
Through the future is strewn with the roses of hope,  
And peopled with phantoms too brilliant to last--  
She turns with a tear to the friends of her youth,  
To those who were dear in the past.

The wanderer far, far from kindred and friends,  
In fancy revisits his dear native cot,  
He views the clear stream where the willow tree  
bends,

And the cowslips that brighten the spot,  
He views the dark wood and the green sloping hill,  
The porch, with the graceful white jessamine hang,  
The half-open window that looks on the mill,  
And the garden where honey-bees hum.

And before him appear as distinct as of yore,  
His mother's soft eye, and his sister's furrowed brow:  
His Mary's light hair, as when last on the shore  
He bade her remember her vow;

His sister's long hair, with its sunny gleam,  
Like a banner of gold to the summer wind east--  
But one touch of the present dissolves the light  
dream,

And he sighs for the joys of the past.  
Tho' surrounded with blessings, and favored with all  
That God in his bounty bestows,  
We revert to the pleasures we ne'er can recall,  
And the tear-drop unconsciously flows.

White-winged, entranced, 'mid the forest of scenes,  
A cloud of our warm glowing hearts will be cast,  
If we think of the blossoms, the birds, and the  
streams.

That were lovely and loved in the past.  
Greater and Father! Oh! teach me to live  
With thy precepts divine for my guide,  
Oh! let my young bosom thy lessons receive,  
And direct it to duty and pride.

Thou, when this life form is decrepit and bent,  
When my color is fading, my pulse waning fast--  
I can look back with joy to the moment well spent,  
And muse with delight on the past.

### REMEMBRANCES.

On a thorn when evening throws  
Its gathering shades of red and hill,  
While in the twilight glows,  
And hark in sunlight glories still.

The thought of all that we have been,  
And hoped and feared on life's long way,  
Remembrances of joy and pain,  
Come mingling with the close of day.

The distant scene of youth's bright dream,  
The smiling green, the lustering tree;  
The murmur of the grass thronged stream,  
The bounding of the torrent free:

The friend, whose tender voice no more  
Shall sweetly thrill the listening ear;  
The glow that Love's first vision wore;  
And Disappointment's pangs are here.

But soft of each reviving scene  
The classic hour of Memory spread:  
And smiling each dark thought between,  
Hope smiles every tear we shed.

O, thus, when Death's night comes  
And its dark shades around me lie,  
My parting beams from Memory's sun  
Blend softly in my evening sky.

## Miscellaneous.

### The Glory to be Revealed.

Dr. Arnold very strikingly remarks, "Men forget what they were in their youth, or at best only partially remember it: it is hard, even for those whose memory is strongest and most lively, to put themselves exactly into the same positions in which they stood as boys; they can scarcely fancy that there was once a time when they cared so much for pleasures and troubles which now seem so trifling. And it may be, that if we rise hereafter to angel's stature; if wisdom be ours, such as now we dream not of; if being counted worthy to know God as he is, the purposes of all created pleasures shall be revealed to us, flashing upon our uncreated spirits like light--it may be that we shall then feel it as hard to fancy how we could have cared for what we now deem most important: how twenty years, more or less, taken from this span of our earthly life, how being parted for a few years, more or less, from those friends with whom we are now united for ever--how this could have seemed of any importance to beings born for immortality. It is quite reasonable to suppose that the interests of mankind will hereafter appear to us just as insignificant, I ought rather to say ten thousand times more so, than the interests of our earthly years can seem to us."

### Rev. W. Herring and Dr. Lamb.

Rev. W. Herring, one of the puritan ministers, was eminently distinguished for Christian meekness, and for love to his greatest enemies. Dr. Lamb, a violent persecutor of the Puritans, and especially of this good man, being on a journey, unobtrusively broke his leg, and was carried to the inn where Mr. Herring happened to be staying for the night. Mr. H. was called on to pray that evening in the family, when he prayed with so much fervor and affection for the doctor, as to surprise all who heard him. Being afterwards asked why he manifested such respect to a man who was utterly unworthy of it, he replied, "The greater enemy he is, the more need he hath of our prayers. We must prove ourselves to be the disciples of Christ by loving our enemies, and praying for our persecutors."

A City lad, borrowing a dictionary to read, returned it after he got through, with the remark, that "It was very nice reading, but it somehow changed the subject very often." It was a sister of this hopeful boy who thought the first ice cream she tasted was "a little touched with the frost."

## From the New York Organ.

### The Power of Kindness.

BY FELIX.

"Tom! Here!" said a father to his boy, speaking in tones of authority.

The lad was at play. He looked towards his father, but did not leave his companions. "Do you hear, sir?" spoke the father, more sternly than at first.

With an unhappy face and reluctant step the boy left his play and approached his parent.

"Why do you creep along at a snail's pace?" said the latter angrily. "Come quickly! I want you. When I speak I look to be obeyed instantly. Here take this note to Mr. Smith, and see that you don't go to sleep by the way. Now run as fast as you can go."

The boy took the note. There was a cloud upon his brow. He moved away, but at a slow pace.

"You Tom! is that doing as I ordered? Is that going quickly?" called the father, when he saw the boy creeping away. "If you are not back in half an hour, I will punish you."

But the words had little effect. The boy's feelings were hurt by the unkindness of the parent. He experienced a sense of injustice; a consciousness that wrong had been done him. By nature he was like his father, proud and stubborn; and these qualities of his mind were aroused, and he indulged in them, fearless of the consequences.

"I never saw such a boy," said the father, speaking to a friend who had observed the occurrence. "My words scarcely made an impression on him."

"Kind words are often most powerful," said the friend.

The father looked surprised.

"Kind words," continued the friend, "are like the gentle rain and refreshing dew; but harsh words bend and break like the angry tempest. The first develop and strengthen good affections, while the others sweep over the heart in devastation, and mar and deform all they touch. Try him with kind words. They will prove an hundred fold more powerful."

The father seemed hurt by this reproof; but it left him thoughtful. An hour passed ere his boy returned. At times during his absence he was angry at the delay; and meditated the infliction of punishment. But the words of remonstrance were in his ears, and he resolved to obey them. At last the lad came slowly in, with a cloudy countenance and reported the result of his errand.

Having said far beyond his time, he looked for punishment and was prepared to receive it in a spirit of angry defiance. To his surprise, his father, instead of angry reproof, and punishment, said kindly "very well, my son. You can go to your play again."

The boy went out, but was not happy. He had disobeyed and disobliged his father, and the thought of this troubled him. Harsh words had not clouded his mind nor aroused a spirit of reckless anger. Instead of joining his companions he went and sat down by himself, grieving over his act of disobedience. As he sat thus he heard his name called. He listened!

"Thomas, my son," said his father kindly. The boy sprang to his feet, and was almost instantly beside his parent.

"Did you call, father?"

"I did, my son. Will you take this package to Mr. Long for me?"

There was no hesitation in the boy's manner. He looked pleased at the thought of doing his father a service, and reached out his hand for the package. On receiving it he bounded away with a light step.

"There is a power in kindness," said the father, as he sat musing after the lad's departure. And even while he sat musing over the incident, the boy came back, and with a cheerful, happy face, said,

"Can I do any thing else for you, father?"

"Yes, there is a power in kindness. The temper of passion can only subside, constrain and break; but in love and gentleness there is the power of the summer rain, the dew and the sunshine."

### What the End will Be.

When I see a boy angry with his parents, disobedient and obstinate, determined to pursue his own course, to be his own master--setting at naught the experience of age, and disregarding their admonitions and reproofs--unless his course of conduct is changed, I need not inquire, "What will his end be?" He not only disobeys his parents and insults his friends, but he disregards the voice of God, and is pursuing the path which leads directly down to the gates of death and woe.

If girls will kiss, let them perform the ceremony as if they loved it. Don't let them sneak about the thing as if they were performing a duty, nor drop their heads like ladies who have just been rebuked. On the contrary, they should do it with an appetite, and when they "let go," should give rise to a report that will make the old folks think somebody is firing pistols around the house.

See! They who tell me that men grow hard-hearted as they grow older, have had a very limited view of this world of ours. It is true with those whose views and hopes are merely and vulgarly worldly; but when human nature is not perverted, its strengthens our kindly feelings, and abates our angry ones.

My notions about life, says S. Anthony, are much the same as they are about travelling--there is a great deal of amusement on the road, but, after all, one wants to be at rest.

## Good Advice to Young Women.

Trust not uncertain riches, but prepare yourselves for every emergency of life. Learn to work and be not dependent on servants to make your bread, sweep your floors, and darn your stockings. Above all, do not esteem too lightly those honorable young men who sustain themselves and their aged parents by the work of their own hands, while you careen and receive into your company, those lazy, idle popinjays, who never lift a finger to help themselves as long as they can keep body and soul together, and get funds to live in fashion. If you are wise, you will look at this subject as we do, and when you are old enough to become wives, you will prefer an honest mechanic, with not a cent to commence life, to the fashionable lecher with a capital of ten thousand dollars. Whenever we hear remarked "such a lady has married a fortune," we tremble for her future prosperity. Riches left to children by wealthy parents turn out to be a curse instead of a blessing. Young women, remember this, and instead of sounding the pangs of your lovers and examining the cut of their coats, look into their habits and their hearts; mark if they have trades and can depend upon themselves--see that they have minds which will lead them to look above a butterfly existence. Talk not of the beautiful white skin, and the soft delicate hand and the splendid form and the fine appearance of the young gentlemen. Let not these fleshly considerations engross your attention.

### Double Character of Pliny.

Pliny, the younger, who was preconsul under Trajan, may well be mentioned in connection with the Emperor, as a striking illustration of the truth, that goodness and amiableness towards one class of men is often turned into cruelty towards another. History can hardly show a more gentle and lovely character than Pliny. While pleading at the bar, he always sought out the grievances of the poorest and most despised persons, entered into their wrongs with his whole soul, and never took a fee. Who can read his admirable letters without being touched by their tenderness and warmed by their benignity and philanthropy? And yet this tender-hearted Pliny coolly plied with execrations torture two spotless females, who had served as deaconesses in the Christian church, hoping to extort from them matter of accusation against the Christians. He commanded Christians to abjure their faith, invoke the gods, pour out libations to the statues of the Emperor, burn incense to idols, and curse Christ. If they refused, he ordered them to execution.

### Philip and the Argive.

Arcades, an Argive, was incessantly railing at Philip of Macedonia. Venturing once into the dominions of Philip, the courtiers reminded their prince that he had now an opportunity to punish Arcades for his past insolence, and to put it out of his power to repeat them. The king, however, instead of seizing the hostile stranger and putting him to death, dismissed him loaded with courtesies and kindnesses. Some time after Arcades's departure from Macedonia, word was brought that the king's old enemy was become one of his warmest friends, and did nothing but diffuse his praises wherever he went. On hearing this, Philip turned to his courtiers and asked, with a smile--Am not I a better physician than you?

### Sentiment of an aged Chief.

A distinguished Onondaga chief, named Skenandoh, having yielded to the instructions of the Rev. Mr. Kirkland, and lived a reformed man for fifty years, said, just before he died, in his hundred and twentieth year: "I am an aged hemlock; the winds of one hundred years have whistled through my branches; I am dead at the top; (he was blind) why I yet live the great good Spirit only knows. Pray to me, then, that I may wait with patience my appointed time to die; and when I die, lay me by the side of my minister and father, that I may go up with him at the great resurrection."

### "Touch me if you Dare."

Some of the Indian chiefs having been the open enemies of the gospel, Mr. Elliot, sometimes called the Apostle of the American Indians, when in the wilderness, without the company of any other Englishman, was, at various times, treated in a threatening and barbarous manner by some of these men, yet his Almighty Protector inspired him with such a resolution, that he said, "I am about the work of the Great God, and my God is with me; so that I fear neither you, nor all the snakes and owls in the country. I will go on, and do you touch me if you dare." They heard him, and shrunk away.

### Don't Waste.

Waste nothing? A crumb of bread may keep life in a starving land. A large and useful volume has been written with one quill from the wing of a goose, and an inch or so of writing paper has saved for a dispatch to save an army from falling into the enemy's power. Waste nothing. Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost.

Good. A young beauty, to be sure, was running off at a gallop, and was with a light wagon. As they approached, she was horrified at recognizing in the occupants of the vehicle, two gentlemen of her acquaintance. "What's this?" she asked with terror. "Jump out, my dear," they called to her. "It is no use, my dear," she said, "I am not a horse, I am a girl." They then turned back, and she was left to her own devices.

Shades. The bottomless pit cannot hold so foul a fiend. Murder is its employment, its victims prey, and rain its sport.

## Dull Children.

"Oh! he is so dull, so stupid! so meaningless!"  
Take care, mother, how you treat the stupid child. Do not let him sink too low in the scale of your affections, because some day, away in the future, you may look back with shame upon your neglect, and he may remember it with a feeling--half resentment, half grief--he can never master. Don't let the child stupid because he is not forever prating questions and perpetrating little witticisms--because he is backward in his studies, slow and blundering of speech, and awkward in all he does. In that brain may be hidden the richest veins of poetry, the rarest gems of intellect.

The dull child is seldom understood, never appreciated. His eye, with its thoughtful reverie, its internal expression, if I may so speak, is called vacant and soulless. He draws himself into a corner, if possible, when there is company, looks shyly around, listening intently or dreaming away to himself, and he is "dreadful uninteresting," or he is spoken to, and in the middle of an answer blunders and stops--then he is deemed a half fool and treated accordingly. Now there is nothing so sensitive as the mind of that same dull child. It is a tissue of the most delicate fibres; its sharp-strings quiver with a breath, and a rule word will almost snap them asunder.

It is that intense feeling, that stringing up of every nerve, that consciousness of power, but inability to give it expression, haunting him continually, that stamps the brand of stupidity upon his perplexed features. He is not quick, and there lies his fault. He comprehends slowly now, and indistinctly; but in after years the flashes of his genius may brighten hemispheres, and the lagging intellect, crowned with laurels, take a high seat among the master minds of the age.

You know not, parent, how often that dull child weeps, because he is not like others. He beholds brothers and sisters, some younger than himself, mastering lessons that he cannot understand without great difficulty. He knows not, then, that it is sometimes a mere mechanical effort, while the assistance of a tenacious memory, while he cannot repeat, parrot-like, that which his mind fails to fashion to its very profoundest depths. Master and parents all join in condemning him. One calls him a disgrace to the school; the father says, with a sigh, that he is expending his hard earned gold upon him to no purpose; and the mother mourns because he attracts no notice beside the rest, and she can never show him off to advantage.

But the children march on to manhood; the bright ones sparkling all the way, the dull one plodding. By and by, all find out to their great delight, that there is a genius in the family. The child from whom they expected the least, starts from the chaos of stupidity, and blazes like a fixed star on their path. They are astonished. "How in the world has it ever happened?" "I never saw it in his looks." We will tell you, parents, it never did happen through your inhumanity. The powerful mind, left to its own resources, fed on thought, turned from the outer to the glorious inner world, and while companions sneered, and kindred gazed on indifferently, was slowly but surely building for itself a temple of fame.

We do not like precocious children. Fruit that is soonest ripe, falls soonest to the ground, and perishes, rots there. A comet is very bright, very dazzling and beautiful, but it seldom lasts long. Ten to one that the dullest child oftenest turns out to be the greatest ornament of the family.

### The Wife.

It is astonishing to see how well a man may live on a small income, who has a handy and industrious wife. Some men live and make a fairer appearance on six or eight dollars a week, than others do on fifteen or eighteen dollars. The man does his part well; but the wife is good for nothing. She will even upbraid her husband for not living in as good style as her neighbors--while the fault is entirely her own. Her neighbor has a neat, capable, and industrious wife, and that makes the difference. His wife, on the other hand, is a whirlwind into which a great many silver cups might be thrown and the appearance of the water would remain unchanged. No Nicholas the diviner is there to restore the wasted treasure. It is only an inch of such a woman to talk to her husband about her love and her devotion.

### The Tatler.

There is not a being that moves on the habitable globe more degraded and more contemptible than a tatter. Vicious principles, want of honesty, servile manners, despicable insinuations, form his character. He is wit? In attempting to display it he makes himself a fool. Has he friends? By substituting dishonoring their secrets, he will make them his most bitter enemies. By telling all he knows, he will soon discover to the world that he knows but little. Does he envy an individual? His tongue, faithful with his hand, defames his character. Does he covet the favor of any one? He attempts to gain it by flattery and lies. His approach is feared--his person hated--his company uninvited--and his sentiments despised. Has he any thing from a heart full of with guile, reaching with insinuation, loaded with envy, and ready to stab.

A doctor once called upon a gentleman who had been some time ill, and put a foot into the patient's hand, and took the medicine himself which he had prepared for the sick man; he was not made sensible of his error till he found himself getting ill, and the patient getting better.

## Discharged for Honesty.

A country gentleman, says a Boston paper, placed a son with a merchant in street, and for a season all went well. But, at length, the young man sold a dress to a lady, and as he was folding it up, he observed a flaw in the silk, and remarked, "Madam, I deem it my duty to tell you there is a fracture in the silk." This spoiled the bargain. But the merchant overheard the remark, and had he reflected a moment, he might have reasoned thus with himself--"Now I am safe, while my affairs are committed to the care of an honest clerk." But he was not pleased; so he wrote immediately to the father to come and take him home; for said he, "he will never make a merchant!"

The father, who had brought up his son with the strictest care, was not a little surprised and grieved, and hastened to the city to ascertain wherein his son had been deficient. Said the anxious father, "And why will he not make a merchant?"

Merchant--Because he has no tact. Only a day or two since, he voluntarily told a lady who was buying silk, that the goods were damaged, and so I lost a bargain. Purchasers must look out for themselves. If they cannot discover flaws, it will be foolishness in me to tell them of their existence.

Father--And is this all the fault?

Merchant--Yes; he is very well in other respects.

Father--Then I love my son better than ever; and I thank you for telling me of the matter; I would not have him in your store another day for the world.

### A "Dictionary Word."

"John," said a master tanner in South Durham, the other day, to one of his men, "bring in some fuel."

John walked off, revolving the word in his mind, and returned with a pitchfork!

"I don't want this," said the wondering tanner; "I want fuel, John."

"Beg your pardon," replied the man; "I thought you wanted something to turn over the skins."

And off he went again, not a whit wiser, but ashamed to confess his ignorance. Much meditating (as Lord Brougham would say) he next pitched upon the beson, shouldering which, he returned to the counting-house. His master was in a passion.

"What a stupid ass you are, John," he exclaimed; "I want some sticks and shavings to light the fire."

"Oh-h-h!" rejoined the rustic; "that's what you want, is it? Why couldn't you say so at first, master, instead of using a London dictionary word?"

And, wishing to show that he was not alone in his ignorance, he called a comrade to the tanner's presence, and asked him if he knew what fuel was.

"Yes," answered Joe, "ducks and geese, and such like."

A Grateful Woman. A person applied to a pious woman, requesting her husband to become bond for an amount which, if ever demanded, would sweep away all his property. On her replying, "My husband will attend, sir, whenever you may appoint;" a bystander asked her:

"Do you know what you are engaging to do, and that perhaps this may be the means of leaving you destitute?"

She replied--

"Yes, I do; but that gentleman found us in the greatest distress, and by his kindness we are surrounded with comforts; now should such an event take place he will only leave us where he found us."

A Woman's Advantage. A woman may say what she likes to you without the risk of getting knocked down for it. She can take a swoon after dinner while her husband has gone to work. She can dress herself in neat and tidy shoes for a dollar, which her husband has to earn and fork over to her. She can take a walk on a pleasant day, without the fear of being asked to treat at every coffee-house she passes. She can paint her face if too pale, or flour it, if too red. She can stay at home in the time of war, and well again if her husband is "killed." She can wear corsets, if too thick, and other "fixings," if too thin.



There is not a man beneath the blue canopy of Heaven, however elastic and moral he may be, should his faults be written in plain and indelible characters upon his brow, but what would blush with shame. How quickly too would he draw his hat down over his eyes, to hide these faults from the world.

The woes of human life are relative. The sufferer spines from his warm couch to climb the icy peak at midnight, with out a murmur--while the rich merchant complains of the rattling cart which disturbs his evening's repose. In the time of peace we announce the breaking of a home as a "manchester event"--but in war, when we read of the slaughter of our neighbors and thousands of the enemy, we clap our hands, and shout "glorious victory!"

</



**DR. TOWNSENDE**

OFFICE MANUFACTORY

**DR. S. P. TOWNSEND'S**  
COMPOUND EXTRACT OF  
**SARSAPARILLA**  
the most Wonderful Medicine of the Age.  
**1,500,000 BOTTLES**  
MANUFACTURED YEARLY.  
This Medicine has put up in **Quart Bottles**  
and has cured more than  
**100,000 Cases of Chronic Disease,**  
within the last Ten Years.—None is Genuine

united signed by S. T. TOWNSEND.

**EXPOSE.**

BY READING THE FOLLOWING AFFIDAVIT  
THE PUBLIC WILL learn the origin, or rather where the  
process for making this medicine was sold Old in 1860  
the original name of the medicine was called "The  
Judge which is the genuine and original and the  
conscious of the men who are employed in selling it as  
the original Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla. In S. T.  
Townsend was the original proprietor and inventor of  
Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and his medicine has  
maintained a reputation that no other remedy ever gained.  
It manufactured over one million bottles per year,  
and is manufacturing at present 5,000 bottles per day.  
You use more of it than any other medicine, and you  
will find it cures each day, than all the other Sarsaparilla  
manufacturers in the world. Principal Office, 126  
N. 3rd St., St. Louis.

**READ THE AFFIDAVIT.**

*City and County of New York, ss.*  
 William Armstrong, of the said City, being duly sworn, doth depose and say that he is a practical Druggist and Chemist. That some time in the latter part of May, or first of June, 1848, a man by the name of Jacob Townsend, who at that time was a book and pamphlet peddler, called upon deponent, at the house of Mr. Thompson, No. 42 Hudson-street, where depo-

[illegible]

signed by deponent, to Capt. Townsend, as storekeeper.  
 And further deponent  
 WILLIAM ARMSTRONG,  
 Sworn to before me, this 21th day of May, 1849.  
 J. W. LUTHER,  
 Mayor of the City of New York.  
**PROOF!! PROOF!!**  
 Here I prove conclusively that Dr. S. P. Townsend's  
 Sawgrass paper is a forgery, and that it is from  
 some of the most respectable papers in this State.  
 FROM THE  
**Albany Evening Journal.**  
**Dr. Townsend's Sawgrass.**  
 There probably never has been so popular a remedy,  
 or patent medicine, as Dr. Townsend's Sawgrass,  
 which was originally introduced into the market  
 by the name of "First" by the Doctor himself, and  
 afterwards for several years, and to the present time,  
 by "Cajup" Townsend, the present proprietor. Since  
 the introduction of the "First" the Doctor has retired in  
 New York, where he keeps a store, and attends to the  
 business that accumulates at that point. He has  
 not been in the city since he was conducted by the Junior

partner, Mr. Clapp—here all the medicine is manufactured. The use of our citizens have any idea of the amount of this medicine that is manufactured and sold. Besides the sales in this country, it is shipped to all parts of the world, and even to Europe, in considerable quantities. At the manufactory they employ a steam engine, and the machinery is so arranged that the preparation of the medicine, making boxes, printing, etc., and turn out, ready for shipment, from one to two hundred boxes, or nearly as many, in a day. It is an enormous quantity.

The great sale the medicine has acquired, has induced a number of our citizens to attempt to sell it, and at the present time, other medicines for sale, that we called "Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla." One in particular, who has been very successful in his efforts, is a man who is called "Old Doctor Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla," and apparently with a view to cheat of advertising, and the use of the name of Dr. Townsend, he has taken the name of Dr. S. P. Townsend's great remedy, and thus gain all the advantages resulting from those of Dr. Townsend, and thus he has been successful for many years in patient and expensive labor. Dr. S. P. Townsend, formerly of this city, as is well known, has been dead many years, and his name is not to be used in connection with the medicine known as "Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla," and we think those persons who are attempting to sell their article as the same, are doing wrong.

FROM THE

**New York World Tribune.**  
 [?] We published an advertisement inadvertently some time since that did injury to Dr. S. P. Townsend, who is the original proprietor of the preparation of "Carpenter's Kidney Pills." The advertisement stated that within the past few months engaged or connected themselves with a man by the name of Foxwood who put up a medicine and calls it by the same name. This medicine was advertised in *The Tribune* as the original, &c. This advertisement also contained matter derogatory to the character of Dr. S. P. Townsend and that of his medicine. At the expense of space, and in justice to Dr. make this explanation.

FROM THE  
New York Daily Sun.

DR. TOWNSEND'S extraordinary advertisement, which occupies an entire page of the Sun, will not escape notice. Dr. S. P. Townsend, who is the original proprietor of Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, is a horse of a different color from the one who has been for several years driving an immense business. He receives no less than four hundred dozen of Sarsaparilla per day, and even this enormous quantity does not supply the demand. No medicine ever gained so great a popularity as his preparation of the Sarsaparilla. His edition of Almanacs for 1849 cost \$24,000, and he

last four years, over \$10,000, and he acknowledges that it is the cheapest advertising he has had done here. This medicine is exported to the Canada, West Indies, South America and Europe, in considerable quantities, and it is coming into general use in those countries, as well as here.

**Swindlers.**

Druggists and others that sell Sarsaparilla for the genuine and original Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, that is not signed by S. J. Townsend, commit a fraud, and are swindlers. They are guilty of a crime, and are guilty of such an act, would commit any other fraud, and no Druggist of common intelligence but know-

**Old Jacob Townsend.**  
Some people who are not well informed, and have not read the papers, and not seen our advertisements have been led to suppose, that because these men advertise their stuff as "Old Jacob Townsends," that in must, of course, be the original. It is not so. More than forty years since they commenced to make their medicine. Ours has been in the market over ten years.

**This Old Jacob Townsend.**  
They are endeavoring to palm off on the public as an Old Physician, &c. He is not a regular educated Physician, and never attempts to manufacture a medicine.

size, until these men hired him for the use of his name. They say they do not wish the people to believe that their Sarsaparilla is a cure, or the name—better to deceive the public, and the same—than to accept that the name is a cure. Townsend says he is a chemist, and endeavors to make the people believe that the stuff they manufacture is the Dr. Townsend Sarsaparilla, that has performed so many wonderful cures for the past ten years, and which has gained reputation which no other medicine ever enjoyed—which is a true, villainous, unprincipled falsehood. We have commenced suits against these men, and have obtained judgments against them, that the old man, Townsend, in Dr. Townsend's character, in their ad-

vestments and circulars, they publish a number of grove leaflets respecting Dr. Townsend, which we will not notice.

**False Reports.**

Our opponents have published in the papers, that Dr. S. Townsend had died. This they say is the report which the country, where he has been just engaged as lecturer, has received. The public should be their guard, and not be deceived by these *unpleasant* gold men.

**Notice of Removal.**—After the first of September, 1846, Dr. S. Townsend's New York office will be in the South Street Church, No. 22 Nassau street.

which is now undergoing a thorough change, and will be fitted for the better accommodation of the passengers and the public.

**Take particular Notice**—No Sarcenetik is exchanged original for one mend's Sarcenetik, is designed by S. T. Townsend.

—

**Agents**—**Reeling & Co.**, No 8 State-street, in Mrs. F. Kibler, No 400 Court-street, Boston, Sarah Kibler, Jr. Lowell; Henry Pratt, Salem, James Green, Weymouth; Allison & Gull, Concord; Welch & Son, Providence, and by Druggists and Dealers generally throughout the United States, We

**C**EDAR-WARE—such as Tubs, Bells, Churns, &c., also Baskets, Brooms, &c.  
JOHN FAHNESTOCK  
June 10.

and CROSS-CUT SAWS, of superior  
[June 1







## Election of Judges.

From the Pennsylvania Telegraph.  
Letters to the People of Pennsylvania in  
reference to the Proposed Amendment  
to the Constitution.

No. 1.

One of your own number proposes to address a few words to you upon a subject of vital importance to the best interests of the Commonwealth. It is known to you that an amendment to the Constitution, providing for an elective judiciary, has passed through all the necessary legislative forms, and awaits your final action at the ensuing election. A change of such deep moment in the organic law of our State, demands, and should receive a calm and deliberate examination, before the day arrives when you will be called upon to give or refuse it your suffrages. The honor of our noble Commonwealth, the security of the rights guaranteed to her citizens, and the happiness of your children for years to come, may depend upon your decision. Reflect then, long and deeply, before you cast your votes. Be not seduced from the path of duty by the arts of designing demagogues. Let your own calm and sober convictions control your action upon this question, and whatever be the result you will at least enjoy the approbation of conscience, and the assurance that you have not needlessly erred.

Let us look for a moment at the means which have been employed, and the manner in which the proposed amendment has been brought to its present stage of progress. All great reforms have had their origin, hitherto, in the breasts of the people. History has taught us that when flagrant abuses prevail in the bosom of a State, or the workings of its system of government are found to be injurious to the interests of the citizen, a spirit of reform is aroused, which, though it may struggle long and meet with opposition, will ultimately prevail. The existing abuses will be corrected, and the rights of the people vindicated. Such generally has been, and such ever should be the origin of great reforms. In the breasts of the people, and there alone, especially in a free government, should originate changes in the organic law. They should be founded upon existing imperfections or abuses, instead of arising from that restless spirit of innovation, so all pervading at the present day, which finds its chief delight in marring or tearing down the noble monuments of the wisdom of past ages, and rearing in their stead some light and flimsy structure, which the finger of Time will ere long crumble to ruins.

How stands the present case? Whence came the voice which demanded a change in our present judiciary system? Did you ask for it? Have the people of the Commonwealth, as a mass, felt the need of a reform, and in thunder tones proclaimed their conviction of its necessity, and called upon their representatives to take the initiatory steps prescribed by the instrument which they wished to amend? The question is easily answered. During the entire period that this subject has been agitated in your legislative halls, but eleven petitions have been presented to the two Houses, praying for this much lauded modification of the present Constitution. All of these petitions were presented during the session of 1848, and, strange to say, ten of the eleven came from the city and county of Philadelphia, and the remaining one from the county of Chester. Five of them were presented in the Senate, and six in the House of Representatives, the House memorials being, in all probability, mere duplicates of those sent to the Senate, and leaving the actual number of petitions for this important change, a round half dozen? Does this seem like the voice of the people?

Let us look a little further, and trace the successive steps taken to bring about this grand scheme of reform. Nearly four years ago, a Senator representing the district composed of the counties of Luzerne and Columbia, read in his place, upon the floor of the Senate, a bill entitled, "Resolution relative to an amendment of the Constitution"—the same in substance, if not in exact detail, with the one now pending before the people. During that session it remained unacted on. It was renewed the following year, by the Senator who then represented the county of Erie, and at length passed the Senate by a vote of 19 to 11, but was negatived in the House, after an adverse report from the Judiciary Committee, by a vote of 55 to 24. At the next session which was that of 1849, a third attempt was made which proved successful. A majority was found in each branch to approve the measure, and it received the sanction of the Legislature. In the lower House all opportunity of amendment was precluded, and the resolution passed under the eye of the previous question.

Up to this time the community outside of the Legislative hall, had remained almost uninterested spectators of the discussion which the measure elicited among their representatives. But now the political press engaged in the controversy, and busily promulgated the idea that the people were in favor of the change proposed, and would hold the individual in strict accountability, who presumed to thwart their wishes. Even the conventions of the two great political parties assumed a prevaricating which did not belong to them, and each fearing the action of the other, transacted its powers, and passed resolutions approving the constitutional amendment. Under the pressure of these circumstances the last Legislature convened. A large majority were found to be in favor of the pending bill, and resolutely fronting down every attempt to correct its details, which to many seemed very imperfect, it was passed through its several readings as rapidly as parliamentary forms and the respect due to the opinions of its opponents would allow. Singular as it may seem, when all the circumstances are considered, but six of your representatives were found willing to stem the tide, and record their votes in opposition to its passage. Did the majority properly represent your views upon this question? Is it possible that more than nine tenths of the people of Pennsylvania are willing to abdicate the duty of the Judiciary by a contract with the sand of the political arena? Have you consented that the result may show to those your representatives that they have mistaken a year's opinion, and that you are not prepared to sanction this continued tampering with an instrument framed but twelve years ago, by some of the ablest and wisest representatives of the Commonwealth?

But I have already repeated to you, upon your previous occasion, that I have a strong opinion, that the pending proposition did not originate with you, and that you, the people, are, as a tribunal of last resort, to decide the question between the Constitution of your State on the one hand, and the demand of the present day on the other. I shall

pause now, hoping in my next communication to receive your candid attention to a few remarks in reference to the principle involved in the proposed amendment.  
A LOVER OF THE CONSTITUTION.



THE ADAMS SENTINEL  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.  
BY J. H. ADAMS.

Monday, August 26th, 1850.

WILLIAM GANDOLPH, JR.,

CANAL COMMISSIONER.

JOSHUA DUNGAN, of Bucks co.

AUDITOR GENERAL.

HENRY W. SNYDER, of Union co.

SURVEYOR GENERAL.

JOSEPH HENDERSON, of Wash. co.

DIRECTOR.

WILHELM COUNTY TREASURER.

CONGRESS.

DANIEL M. SMYSER.

SENATOR.

THOMAS CARSON.

ASSEMBLY.

WILLIAM M. SMYTH.

COMMISSIONER.

JACOB GRIEST.

AUDITOR.

FREDERICK H. HOFFMAN.

DIRECTOR.

NICHOLAS BUSHLEY.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

JAMES G. REED.

COUNTY SURVEYOR.

JACOB DIEHL.

COUNTY CLERK.

COUNTY JAILER.

COUNTY SHERIFF.

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